A NEW CURE FOR FLIRTING MAIDS.

Julia Schick Objects to Being Pilloried in a Window.

BELLE OF A SHIRT FACTORY

Fascinating Bookkeepers Across the Way Distracted Her Attention from Work.

FOUND HERSELF A PRISONER.

Superintendent Shapiro Banged the Sash on Her Neck, and Now Julia Threatens to Sue the Firm for Damages.

There was ne'er a law unwritten
That the daisy shirt
Maker may not when she's smitten
Innocently flirt.

These demure enslaving witches
Should not have to puff
All day over the weary stitches
That evolve the cuff.

By the glow of love unlighted
Easily 'tis seen
How their lives may all be blighted
At the sewing machine.

They should flirt with every detail
And with vim elate
When they build the shirts that retail
For a dollar eight.

Lithe and graceful as the willow
Each will flirt with glee
On the crest of love's bright billow
On love's boundless sea.

Though the foreman watches daily,
Ever on the hop
When the noonday whistle gayly
Agitates the shop.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Julia Schick has constituted herself the championess of many hundreds of young women, who sit basting and hemming all day long in downtown shirt factories, where there are windows commanding views of sleek young men, adding up rows of figures in ledgers across the street.

Julia possesses two distinguished qualifications for the role. In the first place, she has spirit; in the second place, she has a brother who is a lawyer.

To the first of these circumstances is due the fact that she caused the man, who was until recently set in authority over her, to be arraigned in a police court yesterday morning; to the second is due her threat to sue her late employers for $5,000 damages, involving the right of a good looking girl in a free country to carry on a long distance flirtation without having a window sash banged down on her shoulders.

"Dat Sam Shapiro too altogether fresh vas," she said yesterday afternoon at her home, No. 117 Columbia street, where her brother has an office for the convenience of East Side litigants. "All black, all blue to dis day vas mein shoulders unt neck! He got too gay, don't it?"

Samuel Shapiro is an austere man. He superintends the making of shirts at King, Clark & Co.'s manufactory, No. 169 Mercer street. There are a score of girls employed there at the height of the season, and it is possible that Mr. Shapiro finds himself a little bewildered at times.

Of what happened on the morning of Julia Schick's painful adventure there are two versions. Neither was exploited very thoroughly in the police court proceedings, for Magistrate Kudlich discharged Shapiro after a very brief hearing.

One version was recounted by the members of the firm yesterday afternoon, while suppressed giggles proceeded from the other side of a partition dividing the office from the big workroom, where Julia's late companions were basting and hemming very industriously without venturing to glance at the fascinating little bookkeepers across the way.

"That girl, Julia," began Mr. King—but words appeared to fail him, for he concluded with a shrug and an uplifting of the palms.

"She is a terror," said Mr. Clark, coming to his partner's assistance. And thereafter they took turns in the unfolding of the narrative, after this fashion:

"She has a temper like"——

"Like a whirlwind; and she's good-looking, too. As well set up a girl as you ever saw."

"She had the window open and was hanging out flirting with some fellow across the street"——

"At No. 142 Greene street. He's a bookkeeper there. His name is Max Wolf—a little sawed-off fellow."

"Mr. Shapiro told her to shut the window, and she said something about"——

"She said he was too gay, and she wouldn't shut the window."

"So Shapiro shut it in spite of her, and it seems her head was caught underneath. Then this little sawed off"——

"This little Wolf came running round here and kicked up no end of a shindy with Shapiro."

"Yes, the little beggar told our superintendent he'd have him arrested, if one of us had been here we'd have kicked him out. He was a witness for Julia this morning."

"Well, Julia didn't come back to work, but yesterday she came in and asked if she might go into the workroom. Of course, we had no objection"——

"And what do you think? That little minx walked up to Shapiro and served him with a summons for assault."

"She was always fighting with the other girls here, and she alwas got the best of it. Oh, I tell you she's"——

"She's a little wonder!"

Julia Schick has eyes and a mouth that might well inspire the chivalry of any knight of the ledger in Greene street or elsewhere. The eyes are the color of cornflowers and set very wide apart. The mouth is curved generously and beset with roguish dimples.

"It vas not drue dat I fight mit der girls," she said when she heard what her late employers had been saying, "but I fight mit Sam Shapiro—yes, unt mit him I vould fight again if again he bruised me so. Vat you t'ink? Dat fellow beat me mit his hands, unt I did not vlirt mit young Mr. Wolf. I did not know him, unt how shall a lady vlirt mit a young man she did not know alretty?"

Miss Schick said this with the air of one who is propounding a poser, and immediately thereafter added that Mr. Wolf had acted like a perfect gentleman.

"Unt he alnt sawed off, neit'er!" she concluded.

"FLIRTING MUST STOP," SAID SHAPIRO, "IF I HAVE TO SHUT THEIR HEADS IN A WINDOW."

Being boss in his shirt factory, he tried it on one of the girls. She promptly had him arrested, the bookkeeper over the way with whom she flirted gave Shapiro a drubbing, and altogether it made a pretty fuss, the end of which is not even yet.

OIL "SMELLER" KILLED.

John Mossman, Who Located Many Big Wells, Did Not Hear the Engineer's Whistle.

Parkersburg, W. Va., June 11.—John Mossman, who was seventy years old and deaf, was instantly killed this afternoon by a north-bound passenger train near Blennerhassett Island, just below here. The engineer warned him repeatedly by blowing the whistle and could not stop in time, and Mossman was struck by the train and thrown from the track.

The old man was famous for his ability to locate "gushers," and oil men looked upon him with veneration. The big gusher of the Lubecke Company, at Cairo, and many other wells in the field hereabouts were located by him, and he was known among the talent as "the smeller." He is thought to be very wealthy.

MRS. BELKEISER AGAIN RECANTS.

Says She Was Induced by Fraud to Sign Away Her Claim.

A SECOND SURPRISE.

Lawyer Duffy, Who Acts for the Self-Styled Widow of Colonel Blanchard, Vows Vengeance.

The Blanchard case, which has in the course of litigation developed such picturesque features as the claims of a colored woman to be the widow and of a ragman to be the brother of the dead gambler, who died leaving an estate valued at from $40,000 to $50,000, yesterday took the most sensational turn in its interesting history.

At the hearing before Referee Rastus S. Ransom, Tuesday afternoon, an affidavit of recantation was presented, signed by Mrs. Fannie F. Belkeiser, in which she swore that she was not the lawful wife of Colonel William L. Blanchard, and that she had no claim on his estate. This was in contradiction of the testimony she had previously given when she told how she was married to Blanchard at Monmouth, N. J., April 26, 1896. This former testimony, however, she had not signed. Her attorneys, M. E. Duffy and G. A. Moses, were evidently surpised at finding they had been deprived of a client, but asked for a continuance, which was set for yesterday.

Yesterday it was the other side's turn to be surprised. When the attorney for the Public Administrator and Thomas Leggett, the ragman, arrived at the referee's office they found Referee Ransom had suddenly been called out of town and had adjourned the hearing to next Thursday. It also developed that since the last hearing Mrs. Belkeiser had called at the referee's office and signed her original testimony, saying that the affidavit in which she recanted her claim of widowhood and her claim on the estate had been obtained from her under a misunderstanding on her part.

M. E. Duffy, of No. 208 Broadway, her attorney, said yesterday that his client had been deceived into signing this affidavit by fraud and duress. Colonel Blanchard, he said, had left Mrs. Belkeiser a thousand dollars in trust, the payment of which had been stopped by injunction. She was anxious to get this money, and George A. Smythe, of Boston, attorney for Thomas Leggett, told her he would withdraw objection, and that if she would meet him at the Broadway Bank she could get the amount due her. When she met him at the bank he induced her to sign a paper which she supposed related only to that particular transaction, and she had no idea that it was an affidavit in which she acknowledged that she was not Blanchard's widow and had no further claim upon his estate.

Mr. Duffy was highly indignant at the methods he alleged Mr. Smythe had employed to get Mrs. Belkeiser to sign the affidavit, and illustrated how it was done by holding two sheets of paper so they appeared to be but one sheet, and having the lower margin of the under sheet protrude so that her signature was secured to the affidavit which she did not see.

Attorney S. M. Hitchcock, who is associated with Attorney Smythe in presenting the claim of Thomas Leggett, when told of Mr. Duffy's assertions, said:

"The claim that Mrs. Belkeiser was induced to sign that affidavit by fraud or duress, or that she was taken advantage of in any way, is not only untrue, but absurd. I drew up the affidavit myself and saw her sign it, and know she was entirely familiar with its contents. Furthermore, after she had signed it, she went with me to ex-Surrogate Ransom, the referee in the case, and I personally heard her tell him that she had signed voluntarily and knew what she was signing. I am very much surprised at Mr. Duffy's assertions, and if he makes them in court shall demand the fullest investigation of the circumstances."

Attorney George A. Smythe telegraphs the journal from Boston an equaly emphatic denial of Attorney Duffy's charge.

THE PORTER ALL RIGHT.

Herreshoffs, as a Result of the Tests, Will Get Final Payment for the Vessel.

The final trip of the torpedo boat Porter was made yesterday, and the little flyer proved herself a success in every way. The trial trip was made in the Horseshoe at Sandy Hook, and consisted of working the torpedo tubes and firing torpedoes.

When off Sandy Hook the "tactical diameter" of the vessel was tried. That is, the vessel was started at a seventeen-knot speed and she was turned. The vessel made a complete circle in 1,100 feet. This test was thoroughly satisfactory to the Board.

The vessel was next taken into deep water and driven ahead under full steam. The order was then given to reverse the engines to ascertain how quickly the boat would answer them. It was found that under full speed the vessel began to back in about half her own length, and that when the engines were started ahead again under full pressure the vessel started ahead in one-quarter of her own length. This ended the trial for speed and the working of the engines.

The steam and handsteering apparatus were then put through the various tests, and like the other part of the machinery proved successful.

The vessel was taken back to the Horseshoe and the firing of the torpedoes was begun. One of the small boats was anchored as a target, and three torpedoes were discharged at it. All came to the surface near the boat.

The test lasted about four hours, and was one of the most severe that any of the smaller vessels of the navy has been subjected to. It was considered a success. The vessel was returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Board of Inspection will forward their report to Washington early next week and the final payment will be made to the builders.

LOST BABE TURNS UP, A MATRON.

For Twenty-five Years Mother and Daughter Had Not Met.

LITTLE GIRL WAS STOLEN.

False Notices Were Published to Lead Each to Believe the Other Dead.

Very rare were the emotions that characterized a meeting in Paterson, N. J., last night between two women. They were a mother and daughter who had not seen one another for twenty-five years—ever since the daughter's babyhood—and each of whom had been led to believe the other dead.

"So you are my mother!" exclaimed Mrs. W. F. Hissner, of Akron, Ohio, as she leaped from the carriage that had borne her husband and herself from the railway station and threw both her arms round the neck of the middle-aged woman who appeared upon the veranda to see who her visitors were.

"And you are my baby—my little Alice!" cried Mrs. Morgan Harris. "I would know you anywhere by your hair, though you were only two years old when they stole you. Oh, how good it seems to see you again!"

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Morgan Harris was Mrs. Hudson. Owing to the antagonism of the Hudson family, which belonged to Chester, Orange County, N. Y., she and her husband were estranged, and she went to live in Clayville, N. Y. She worked bravely for herself and her child, and as it was impossible for her to take care of little Alice the latter was left in the charge of a friend.

One day the mother snatched a few moments from her work to visit the baby. Alice had disappeared—had been kidnapped. Hudson had been anxious to gain possession of her, and it seemed an obvious inference that he was at the bottom of her disappearance. But though the mother exhausted all her resources in the search she failed to trace the little one.

Months afterward, Mrs. Hudson was living in Honesville, Penn, when she chanced across a paper that contained a notice of her baby's death. She mourned bitterly for her Alice until, shortly afterward, she read circumstantial accounts of her own death in a railway accident. Then it dawned upon her that both printed lies were designed.

Seventeen years ago she moved to Paterson and married Harris, who was then a silk worker, but is now independent. She began to grow old. Her wandering had ceased. But deep down in a corner of her heart there lived the hope that she would one day see her Alice again.

In the meantime, Alice Burton had been placed by her father in an orphan asylum at Utica. He represented himself as her stepfather, telling her that both her parents were dead. At the age of five she was adopted by A. C. Hannes, a Utica merchant, and at the age of twenty she married W. F. Hissner, a commercial traveller. By that time she had encountered relatives who told her the truth about the kidnapping, and she began to search for her mother. It was not until last March that she learned of her mother's existence in the person of Mrs. Morgan Harris, of Paterson.

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HIRES Rootbeer

This delicious temperance beverage is a hot weather requisite of which every home should have a good supply. When heat and humidity make the earth almost unhabitable, a cold, sparkling, effervescent glass of HIRES Rootbeer will satisfy your thirst, refresh and strengthen you. It keeps the blood pure and cool, the stomach in a normal condition. It is pre-eminently the best drink for children because of its health-giving properties. It is of the greatest benefit to the wearied housewife, invigorating to the man who has worked all day, delightful to a wheelman at the end of a run. You can't have an oversupply of HIRES Rootbeer. A package makes five gallons. Beware of imitations.

HIRES Rootbeer *Carbonated,* ready to drink except for the cooling, is put up in pint bottles, two dozen in a case, at $2.00 per case, or $1.00 per dozen.

If your storekeeper cannot supply you with the Carbonated, drop a postal to FRED H. OTTEN, 76 Park Place, New York, and it will be delivered at your home free of charge. If you value your health beware of cheap mixtures called root beer. The genuine Hires Rootbeer, Carbonated, is sold only in pint bottles with the name blown in the glass, and is prepared only by

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